

Bubba Sparxxx

"My Tone"

Visit "[My Tone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My tone
(Tell me do you love it?)
My southern slang
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm sorry girl
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)

Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm so jazzy baby
(Tell me do you love it?)
Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)
C'mon

Yeah, I'll be damned if I ain't the slick son gun y'all
seen
Walkin' like a swallowed up the pharmacy at Walgreens
Never did I love her, sorry baby it was all clean
Who you think you dealin' with? This Jimmy Mathis'
offspring
Forty I was deep on the eighty I was there
Knock it out put on my boots and get the hell up out of
there

You know a rapper's rule, in and out before the snare
And as far as parting shots, wash that shit up out your
hair
Stob block, Cobb block, Dodge Ram, got Knox
Six twelves, four amps, three sluts, what's hot
I told ya once hot shot, you done braggin' too hot
Reach inside that tool box, this is where the feud stops

My tone
(Tell me do you love it?)
My southern slang
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm sorry girl
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)

Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm so jazzy baby
(Tell me do you love it?)
Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)
C'mon

Papa was a Rolling Stone but I'm a ballin' boulder
And I ain't gotta flex the chain or hit the mall to show ya
I just hibernate a while and call ya when it's over
Don't know where I'm headed but it's pretty far from
sober
Yeah I fucked up in life, but wouldn't start it over
'Cause Momma said that, "God said he got a party for
ya"

And I'm a give ya Lord, every beat a heart I owe ya
It sounds a bit cliché but Bubba Sparxxx a soldier
What you know about balin' hay in that South Georgia
heat?
Very few roads are paved, still I do it for the streets
There's a heap a shit to lose, but there's even more to
keep
If you feelin' froggy baby, better look before you leap

My tone
(Tell me do you love it?)
My southern slang
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm sorry girl
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)

Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm so jazzy baby
(Tell me do you love it?)
Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)
C'mon

Baby it's the tone, that got me gettin' Georgia Dome
Like Shondon with that Steven on the phone
Or maybe it's the slang that got me gettin' down my
brains
On the plane, met this chick in Fort Mayne
And you certainly can blame the jazziest persona

But it's classy broad that get trashy in the sauna
Bubba's just the slickest, how else is there to word it
I'll just plead my case, and then let y'all unveil the
verdict

My tone
(Tell me do you love it?)
My southern slang
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm sorry girl
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)

Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
I'm so jazzy baby
(Tell me do you love it?)
Gettin' jazzy
(Tell me do you love it?)
(Tell me do you love it?)
C'mon

Visit [Bubba Sparxxx](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.